

In Regiam Sagittariorum Scotorum
Cohortem.



COTOS Pharetris, quis sine gaudio
Jam Suspiratos cerneret invidus,
Claros per Orbem, Brittonique
Limitibus positisque Romæ.

Qui sepe dulcem Sanguine Patriam
Per tot Tuentes secula fortiter,
Intaminatos usque Honores
Progenie Patriæque servant.

Nunc quot Sodales iungit amabiles
Non ulla Lucri Spes, neque Gloria,
Spectata sed Virtus, Fidesque &
Integritas, studiumque recti.

Non illi Amicos per mala deserunt,
Spretisque vulgi Vocibus invidis,
Non de Via iusti recedunt,
Nec Proce, nec Pretio, minisq̃.

Tali fuerit, si LEO FERVIDUS,
Gharo repellens vim sua ab ALBIO,
Stipetur, Hostiles Catervas
Lethiferis subiget Sagittis.

Posuit Sodalis Pharetratus.

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P O E M

ON THE

Royal Company of ARCHERS.

WHAT true born *SCOT*, but will be glad to see
Old *Caledon* revive, that seem'd to die,
And Quiver'd *Scots* to march in Rank and File?
The *Scots*, which oft the *Roman* Pride did quell,
And to the ancient *Brittons* gave the Law,
Made *Saxons*, *Normans*, *Danes*, to stand in Awe.

Who for their Country did their Lives expose,
And bravely stood it gainst their stoutest Foes,
Immortal Glory purchast, and Renown
And unstain'd Honour did their Actions crown.

This LOVELY CORPSE, not Hopes of fordid Gain,
Nor that of Glory flattering and vain,
But Love of Truth, and study to do Good
Inspires their Minds, and runs through all their Blood:
In adverse Fortune will not leave a Friend,
Nor in their Country's Cause will ly behind;
But boldly brave it, flighting vulgar Fame,
No *Bribes*, no Threats can quash their martial Flame.

If that the RAMPANT LION should thus be
Supported by so brave a Progenie,
Dear Mother *ALBION* needs not fear the Cause,
Whose Youth have Lions Hearts and Lions Paws,
With Skill and Art can govern so the Bow,
No *ARROW's* Shot, but gives the deadly Blow.